But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

*Kin.* If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

*Ber.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

*Roſe.* You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

*Du.* But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

*Kat.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

*Du.* O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

*Kat.* Not ſo my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.

*Dum.* Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet ſweare not leaſt ye be forſworne agen.

*Lon.* What ſaies *Maria*?

*Mari.* At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

*Lon.* Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.

*Mari.* The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.

*Ber.* Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue





*Roſ.* Oft haue I heard of you
Before I ſaw you, and the worlds
Proclaimes you for a man repleate
Full of compariſons, and wounding
Which you on all eſtates will exec
That lie within the mercy of your
To weed this Wormewood from y
And therewithall to win me, if yo
Without the which I am not to be
You ſhall this twelmoneth terme f
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſti
With groaning wretches: and you
With all the fierce endeuour of yo
To enforce the pained impotent to

*Ber.* To moue wilde laughter i
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agon

*Roſ.* Why that's the way to cho
Whoſe influence is begot of that l
Which ſhallow laughing hearers g
A ieſts proſperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly
Deaft with the clamors of their ow
Will heare your idle ſcornes; cont
And I will haue you, and that fault
But if they will not, throw away th
And I ſhall finde you emptie of th
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

*Ber.* A twelue moneth? Well:
Ile ieſt a twelue moneth in an Hoſp

*Qu.* I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I t

*King.* No Madam, we will brin

*Ber.* Our wooing doth not end
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies
Might well haue made our ſport a C

*Kin.* Come ſir, it wants a twelue
And then 'twill end.

*Ber.* That's too long for a play.



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